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The Republican Campaign

THIS IS the third whack the Republicans have had at the New Deal. In 1936 they tried sunflowers and a man who had made something of a name by balancing his state budget; this failed lamentably. In 1940 they did somewhat better by choosing a man who despite his big-business background seemed to be for most of the things Mr. Roosevelt attempted or favored but claimed he could do them better. In neither case was the Republican candidate long on practical ideas, but what they stood for, or against, was considerably clearer at the start of their campaign than are the views of Governor Dewey.

What seems to be the Republican line of attack this time? There are certain hints in the party platform. It is wise not to place too much weight on such a platform, to remember that planks are all too readily forgotten in American political life. A platform, none the less, indicates what leading party members have been thinking at the time. Certain planks dealing with a wide range of subjects are admirable: the extension of social security, repeal of state poll taxes, national housing program, permanent FEPC, immediate feeding of European children in the occupied countries, and the fostering of family-type farms, rural electrification, genuine cooperatives are among them. Many of these lie outside the general line of the platform except that some refer to failures or weaknesses of the present Administration.

Considerably more typical are proposals to end rationing, price fixing "and all other emergency powers," the program of "reestablishing liberty at home," presumably after the war. This tendency is particularly marked in the ten-point farm plank, where "freedom from regimentation" is stressed, although most of the present Department of Agriculture devices would be perpetuated. They do not say how the "fair markets" are to be attained which they prefer to subsidies.

The Republicans come out strong for a sound dollar, for work for all, for protective tariffs combined with international economic collaboration and for cooperation among sovereign nations, rather than world government, to keep the peace. Perhaps it would be asking too much of a political platform to require it to indicate just how it intends to go about accomplishing such things. But the fact that so few politicians, Republican or Democrat, give even the faintest idea how to begin is none too reassuring.

Governor Dewey's brief acceptance speech was as empty of constructive suggestions as such an address could be. It is easy enough to talk about an economy of abundance, or perhaps more accurately to blame the New Deal for clinging to its opposite. But how would the Republicans provide the jobs they so solemnly promise. What indication is there that a Republican administration would suddenly be "progressive"? Let us devoutly hope that as the campaign progresses the evidence will be forthcoming.

The first omens along this line are none too heartening. The New York Governor told his first big press conference that the Hull reciprocal trade program had been a Republican idea all along. He also supported the SEC, but thought it could be administered more effectively. There is still plenty of blank space on the blackboard.

If the Republican party can convince the nation that it has a program that will assure lasting peace and enduring prosperity, it might have a good chance in '44, barring unforeseen war developments. But to do this it will have to do more than curse the incumbents and promise the moon. The American people are proof against such airy nothings by now.

Negroes in the Armed Services

THE LAST few weeks have produced a considerable harvest of tragedy arising from the totally indefensible treatment of Negroes in our Army and Navy. For several months those with their ear close to the ground in the Negro com-

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munities of this country have realized that this treatment was creating tremendous resentment. Even the most naïve of human beings is bound to resent his brother or his friend being drafted into the armed forces to risk his life for his country, and then being treated as though he were totally inferior to any white draftee.

But by now the infection has become so acute that it absolutely demands attention. If we do not give it attention, and devise some means whereby to let it drain off, we shall deserve the reprobation of future generations and we shall ourselves see violence on both sides broad enough in scale to be called a national disgrace. The current issue of *Politics* publishes two accounts of the treatment to which Negroes have been subjected. The first is an account by a Seabee, now discharged as "unfit." His unfitness seems to have been based entirely on the fact that he attended a meeting called by his Commanding Officer to discuss the grievances of the Negroes in his outfit. The injustice thereby done him and his companions is shameful, for such a discharge bars the way to any but the lower ranks of employment in civil life. The second account relates to what the Army did to the first Negro bombardment group—both officers and enlisted men. For racial reasons they have been relegated to a camp which has no adequate training facilities and consequently their morale is at the lowest possible ebb. Not long before the publication of these two personal stories, the Associated Press sent out a report of a review board hearing in Washington on the conviction for mutiny of five Army Negroes. There seems to be good evidence that the "mutiny" for which these men were convicted amounted to nothing more than their having insisted upon their rights. But what especially dramatized the Washington hearings was the plea made by the mother of one of the boys, Mrs. Mayme Jones-Jason of Philadelphia. The AP said: "She told of rearing three children alone—their father died a week before the third was born—to love their God, their country and their home, in that order. 'I never thought of my boys as Negroes,' she said. 'I thought of them as Americans.'"

Good Statement

AS THE resumption of a civilian economy is not yet in sight and profits taxes remain high, a number of our larger corporations continue to expend considerable sums for "prestige advertising." Valuable trade names are kept before the public in connection with urging patriotic activity or envisioning the comforts and excitements of the long awaited post-war world. Advertising of this sort in high-priced media, or through pamphlets sent to individuals through the mails, is a deductible business expense. The art of public relations, which had been developing very nicely anyway before Pearl Harbor, has had a sizable spurt since then.

One of the recent brochures widely disseminated comes from the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), one of the two or three largest oil companies in the world. It might not be surprising that such a company would advocate conservation, but "Oil for the World" goes much farther. Its three-point world oil policy comprises: "freedom of enterprise to promote the discovery of oil"; "international cooperation to prevent squandering of a resource essential to the world's prosperity"; "equality of access by all nations to this vital raw material." And in this latter connection, "the surplus oil of the producing countries must be available to each and every consuming country."

These and other phrases from the neatly illustrated booklet no doubt require interpretation, and Standard Oil's business policies must stand on their own feet. But the propaganda in the ESSO brochure against trade barriers, monopolies and anarchical production in a field which has continuously expanding potentialities for man's well-being is itself to the good.

CCF Success

THE smashing success of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation in the June elections in the Province of Saskatchewan means that for the first time this new Canadian party will constitute the government of one of Canada's provinces. The best it had achieved prior to this victory was the position of official opposition in two or three provincial legislatures. What is particularly striking about the Saskatchewan results is both the number of CCF members elected, as compared to the other parties—at least 43 out of a possible 52—and the CCF preponderance in the popular vote. Out of 366,000 votes cast, it polled 192,000, which is comfortably more than a majority.

From this Americans should not draw the conclusion that if a Dominion election were shortly to be held, the CCF would win. The new party is only beginning to break the ice in Quebec; only within the last few weeks has there been a Montreal meeting of any size in which French and English jointly participated. Its hold in Ontario, the most populous of the provinces, is probably not much stronger than it was when it won second place in last year's provincial elections. But no one can now doubt that if a Federal election takes place within any reasonable length of time, the CCF will be His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Ottawa Parliament. And this will represent the first major political change in Canada for very nearly a hundred years—meaning thereby a genuine change in political orientation.

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Youth and Heroes

THEY were all in *shirts,* in *shirt* sleeves, and they are going to liberate a great people from servitude—in the name of Youth (Herbert Hoover), in the name of the dead Heroes (Clare Luce). There is going to be a revolution, a new fresh liberty.

I would not think of calling the Republicans in Chicago names that might come to mind simply through association of sounds. Mrs. Luce is not d'Annunzio in Fiume calling on the dead of a disastrous, victorious and disappointing war; linking the youth of America to lost American liberties and to a lost constitution, Mr. Hoover is not linking the youth of Italy to a lost and forgotten Roman Empire. It is just that naturally one becomes nervous, after all the world has seen, whenever people in politics talk about Heroes or about Youth.

In America it does not matter very greatly, when they talk that way or when they talk about our being slaves because we know very well whether we have lost our liberties or still have them, and we know very well that we are not going to become hysterical. We have complete faith that the social organization of this country can be arranged through intelligence and we do not think that things are so bad even as they are now. It is very sad that so many Americans are destined to die in this war; it is very sad that there should have been two wars so close together, but, on the other hand, if it was not possible to avert these wars and if we have to suffer what all wars bring to all countries who wage them, we still are very certain that our country can stand, better than any other country, the losses and the strain of combat.

It is not that we argue about it or are self-conscious about it; we simply feel pretty sure of ourselves.

There is no danger in Mr. Dewey. Or at least there is not that kind of danger. There is no danger that youth will get mixed up with Mr. Dewey. There is no danger that Mr. Dewey will bring to American youth any persuasion that the dead of Bunker Hill, the dead of Gettysburg and of Chateau-Thierry and of Normandy march with Mr. Dewey and the Republican crusade. Young Americans and even Americans who are old enough to vote will expect Mr. Dewey to attend strictly to politics and leave the dead alone.

So that the Republican oratory in Chicago does not do any harm; it does not mean very much.

Such oratory meant a great deal in Europe. The word Youth, and the word Hero, for centuries were joined together in all the revolutions. There were the revolutions which freed slaves, underprivileged classes, nations and minds. And it was always through a youthful feeling of hope and an heroic feeling of individual sacrifice that one gain after another was realized.

It is difficult, looking back at European history, to think of any revolutionary movement with which one is not in sympathy. Of course if one had been born on the wrong side one would have held on to every kind of privilege. But in imagination, one is always born on the right side and sometimes it is even more satisfactory to be born on the wrong side, to be born a slave owner, an aristocrat, in the tyrant's court, and then, deliberately to take sides with the oppressed. So that in imagination one is always with Spartacus, with Danton, with Byron, with Garibaldi.

Joseph de Maistre was a wonderful writer but there is nothing he can do about it. Each revolution destroyed all sorts of things which we should certainly have wished preserved. But even that does not change the way we feel about revolutions. Even when the theory of a particular revolution is impossible to accept there is always the fact that there is privilege on one side and that the revolution comes from the other side, and controls our sympathies. That is the way, in America and in Europe, people have always felt. Until recently.

This war will not lead to revolutions or to a desire for revolutions because there are no more revolutions to be made. The time may come when someone may have an idea for a revolution, but the time has come when there is no idea in anyone's possession which can animate a revolution. The most immense and dramatic changes which might take place in Europe would not constitute a revolution. If all Europe were to become soviet that would not be a revolution. No changes in government or in social structure or in the relations between states would constitute a revolution because the revolution has already taken place. The communist revolution has taken place in Russia; it has gone through one phase after another; it has said all it had to say; we have heard all about it; the peoples of Europe have heard all about it. Were they all to follow it step by step, or were they all to join it where it has arrived, that would be no more of a revolution than if all the nations of Europe sent a telegram and joined Mr. Dewey's Republican Party. They would be joining something that exists. A revolution creates.

Never has there been a period in which men so little imagined, or sought to form, the future. A few years ago there were people who imagined fascism and communism; the Russians, the Italians and the Germans imagined a form for the future. But now no one imagines anything.

That is why it is uninteresting that Mr. Dewey should be talking about Youth and Heroes.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Illusions About a Revolution

The unlikelihood of a German revolt

Eugene Guerster-Steinhausen

"NOW YOU can expect Hitler's downfall every day," a Swiss publisher who had an extensive business in Munich assured me at the end of May, 1933. The hope for Hitler's collapse is as old as Hitlerism itself. During the eight years when I was correspondent with a Swiss newspaper, there was not a single month when the imminent downfall of National Socialism was not announced by one of many "well-informed sources." The self-styled prophets based their infallible predictions now on the obvious dissatisfaction of the German people, now on splits within the Party, now on the alleged inevitability of a conflict between the Army and the Party.

The number and the enthusiasm of the prophets of an impending revolution in Germany increased proportionately as Hitler's foreign policy grew ever more aggressive and fantastic. When Hitler invaded Austria in March, 1938, Swiss newspapers were flooded with alarming reports: the German Army had proved itself to be completely disorganized, the mood of the occupation forces was wretched, roads leading into Austria were blocked for days because of lack of proper planning. In December, 1938, a short time before the occupation of Prague, a famous German novelist wrote in the *Weltbuehne* that the majority of the higher German officers were so disgusted with Hitler's brutal foreign policy that they would refuse to obey him if he continued it. In January, 1939, I talked with the manager of the French tourist office in a city in central Germany. His office served, as I knew, as the secret headquarters of the various leaders of the opposition. He told me definitely and with trustworthy evidence that the threat of war caused a panic among the members of the Nazi Party. Everybody was doing his utmost, he said, to escape the draft.

In the summer of 1939 even those relying on inside information were inclined to believe that Hitler was only bluffing; Hitler never would dare to place arms in the hands of a people teeming with opposition. The editorials in Europe's leading democratic newspapers harped on Premier Daladier's pompous dictum that only soldiers of a free country know how to die; the soldiers of dictator states could be nothing more than uninspired fighters. When General von Fritsch deliberately exposed himself to the fire of the enemy and was killed before Warsaw, new rumors flared up concerning the tension between the German Army and the Nazi Party. The Army, people whispered, opposed definitely a frontal attack on the Maginot Line.

The United Nations have been reproached with having failed to show peaceful Germans an honorable way out of this war. "Broadcast to them," it was suggested, "that you do not wish to enslave them, promise them that you will distinguish between leaders and victims, and the German people will not hesitate to throw naziism overboard." Because it was interpreted in this way, the establishment and the first manifesto of the Free German Committee in Moscow in July of 1943 was widely welcomed in America. As far as I know, not even the Russians have ever pretended that such manifestoes have had any noticeable influence on the attitude of the German armies in the last eight months. After four years of war the German Kaiserreich was thoroughly demoralized; after more than four years of unprecedented total war the mood of the German Army of the Hitlerreich does not seem to be at all ripe for a revolutionary upheaval. It would be misleading to blame only the terrorism of the Gestapo for the undeniable fact that the German people continue to pour out their lifeblood for a cause cursed by the rest of the world. Every specialist in military psychology will agree that an operation like the continuous retreat in Russia can be performed only if the army has an intelligent understanding of its strategical and political meaning. The fateful question remains unanswered: Why does Germany not acquit itself in the eyes of the world by a revolution which has been tensely awaited for more than ten years?

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First of all it must not be overlooked that in this age of technical revolution the meaning and the possibilities of a political revolution have been fundamentally altered. In the case of every dictatorship which has come into being in Europe since 1918, the liberals of all countries have asked impatiently: When will it be overthrown? And in no single case has any popular upheaval against political tyranny materialized. No one could say that the collapse of Mussolini was brought about

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by a revolution of the liberty-loving part of the people. Mussolini's dismissal was nothing but the consequence of a hopeless military situation. The liberation of Italy is occurring and will occur to that degree and with that speed by which the American and British troops advance. Perhaps some later historian will demonstrate that the Russian revolution in 1917 was the last great European revolution in the old and naïve meaning of the word. The modern tyrant has at his disposal not only the means for surveying his people, but also for feeding the obligatory political creed daily and hourly into the brains and veins of his subjects. The Czar in old Russia was "far away like Heaven," as the saying went; the modern dictator and his staff are constantly omnipresent, thanks to radio, street broadcasts, newsreels, newspapers. Why have Sicilian peasants been less influenced by fascism than the other peoples of Italy? Because there have been too many illiterates unable to read the official fascist literature. In former times ignorance and illiteracy were the means of keeping a population politically subservient; in our time the general system of education provides the dictator with the possibility of converting a whole people into a spellbound herd of newspaper readers. "The luxury of *not* having a radio can no longer be permitted to anyone," the nazi writer Ernst Juenger declared emphatically.

Even those brains most capable of resistance will finally grow weary if they are too long exposed to a barrage of one kind of political propaganda. "Without radios, newspapers and airplanes we never could have become masters of the masses," Hitler has said, not without reason. One of my friends who was a professor in a small Russian university town gave me a lively description of the psychological rôle which the official street broadcasts played in the daily life of such a town. Under ordinary conditions these broadcasts bellowed out three times daily the official viewpoint on all political and ideological questions. During a crisis, however, due for instance to a shortage of certain foods, these street broadcasts labored continuously and finally won control over the whole town. My friend drew me a vivid picture of how, during a famine, these street broadcasts overflowed day and night with promises and assurances of a better situation in the near future. After a certain time, he assured me, individual criticism and argument died down as if drowned in the irresistible flood of "news." The attempt psychologically to dissolve any possibility of individual reaction to that crisis had thoroughly succeeded.

The very nature of the modern totalitarian state makes it immune to revolution as no other authoritarian state of history has been. Former revolutions could develop, as it were, in the private sphere which the state did not touch. The censorship à la Metternich of the old-fashioned "reactionary" type of state was only negative; it confined itself to regulating what books, what plays should *not* be printed or performed, what utterances should *not* be publicly made. "Thoughts pay no toll," was the motto of such a state. The modern totalitarian state has undertaken for the first time to control the inner thoughts of every human being from infancy to old age. In former times people were forbidden to speak out their thoughts against the government; now they are forced even to think the thoughts of the government. By endlessly humiliating the intellectuals, Hitler made them accomplices in his own enterprise. There is a degree of humiliation at which the oppressed finally adopt the oppressor's way of thinking—in order not to have to feel too deeply ashamed of their own submission.

The fact that in Germany and Russia children have learned to denounce parents who criticize the omnipotent dictator proves only that the family has become a state institution. Not only the state official himself, but also the manager of a theater, the publisher, the president of the bowling club—all are functionaries of the state. The most decisive point is that the philosophy of the totalitarian states has abolished the rôle of that very center of privacy, the individual conscience, where rebellious thoughts and feelings might arise. Its function has been taken over by the State, which thinks for everybody. The Comintern in Russia and the Supreme Party Council in Germany are, as it were, executive organs of a "pan-logical" system. The leader in the totalitarian state is no more an all-feared despot, but an incarnation of the highest good, which can be reached only collectively and not individually.

The communist philosopher Karl Korsch once stated that individual conscience and private liberty would become superfluous in a thoroughly organized society, because there would be no more tasks to be solved individually. "We are determined to keep a firm hold on every human being from his first cry in the cradle to his last gasp on his deathbed," said Dr. Ley, leader of the German Arbeitsfront. The psychological paralysis into which every kind of opposition is thrown finds its equivalent in the material field. The modern dictatorship has monopolized traveling inside and outside the country. For twenty-five years no Russian has left his country who has not first proved himself a zealot of the new system. In the last decade no German has been allowed to travel abroad before having passed through a rigorous ideological examination at the hands of the Gestapo.

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But let us suppose that in spite of all these obstacles a nucleus of revolutionary opposition

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could form inside Germany. How would such a group be able to provide itself with the necessary arms? The Minister of Defense of a middle European country once declared to me that the time of armed upheavals had passed. "Just think of it. In 1848 a crowd with no more than 200 rifles, stolen from the arsenal in Vienna, could start an effective revolution! Today I can defend the town against any revolution with ten tanks and ten bombers." In the modern state the government has established a monopoly over arms with which it can break up even the most fanatic resistance. Therefore two lone possibilities of revolution are left: a revolution undertaken with the consent of the Army or an upheaval after the entire collapse of the Army, an uprising of the officers as in Argentina or a revolutionary chaos after a lost war.

The French socialist leader Jean Jaurès prophesied in 1913 that in case of mobilization the working class in Germany would immediately and undoubtedly use its arms against the Kaiser. As everyone knows, this hoped for revolution not only did not occur, but the German socialists with few exceptions approved of all the measures which the Imperial Government deemed necessary. And why have the German working class and the millions of anti-nazi Germans not risen even against the brutal dictatorship of Hitler? In order to understand this saddening phenomenon we have to bear in mind that the popular characterization of this war as an ideological war takes into consideration only one aspect of it, and not a decisive one. The Second World War is no less and no more an ideological war than was the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century. One might more correctly say that the old questions of power and the old national tensions furnish a framework, which is overgrown with the clambering vines of undying ideologies. Sometimes these ideological vines thrive so luxuriantly that it becomes difficult to recognize the basic structure, power politics, over which they spread. Sometimes they serve no other purpose than to hide such power politics. In this sense we can be sure that a defeated Germany will immediately adopt that kind of ideology which will help it most to mitigate the harsh consequences of military collapse.

Since the outbreak of this war the average anti-nazi in Germany has been living in a new situation. There can be no doubt that Hitler deliberately unleashed this war. There can be no doubt that a great many Germans disapprove sincerely of all the atrocities committed by nazi gangsterism. That does not, however, change in any way the inexorable fact that Hitler began in the fall of 1933 a game of world politics whose outcome will decide the fate not only of naziism and not only of the German Reich, but also of every German citizen within its boundaries. The average man seems to feel that a country cannot make war with all its economic and military might for nearly five years and then at the moment of defeat take refuge in the assumption that this war was only the business of the Nazi Party. A war, with whatever motives it may have started, signifies a kind of common responsibility on the part of the people. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of the average German that an enormous majority would endorse the foreign policy of naziism had this policy remained continually victorious as it was until 1941.

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The very day of a successful German revolution would see the German people not at all as master of their own destiny, but inevitably as the more or less powerless objects of that foreign policy on which the Allied Nations will finally agree. There is no political leader inside or outside Germany who could pretend to be in the know concerning the real political designs of the Allied Nations with regard to Germany—for the simple reason that at this stage of the war these designs can be only vaguely outlined. No one in the world can exactly foretell what shape they will take in the political atmosphere prevailing at the time of Hitler's defeat.

People who impatiently await a German revolution tend to forget that a revolution in wartime is in itself a delicate and paradoxical phenomenon. In such a revolution one expects a people on the one hand to rise against an enemy at home, and on the other to deliver itself more or less unconditionally to the political intentions of the enemy on the outside. To produce such a revolution two contradictory states of mind are almost indispensable: an ardent longing for liberty and an eagerness for submission. Such a state of mind presupposes a mood of despair which can be expected to become general only as defeat approaches. Even then it is highly improbable that an experienced politician would assume the leadership of such an ambiguous revolution; it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee that there will be too many interested parties in the present (and in the future) willing to put the blame for all the terrific consequences of a German defeat on those politicians who contributed efficiently to breaking the backbone of German resistance.

Nearly every one of the fighting soldiers of this war knows more or less consciously that not only the political façade but also the political and economic existence of each of the fighting nations is being fatefully decided. No Atlantic Charter can push aside the fundamental fact that in this war, as in every war before, the struggle is for power. Whatever deeper motives they may have had, the German people have accepted the challenge of Oswald Spengler: "The dice of fate lie on the

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table. Who dares to make the first throw?" Such a fateful decision as Hitler's declaration of war in the fall of 1939 cannot be obliterated merely by pretending that he was not constitutionally entitled to set the world's civilization on fire. It can be assumed that a great many Germans realize today that with Hitler's rise to power a special German tragedy started. There is much despair in Germany and surely an enormous amount of hatred of naziism, but these emotions do not crystalize into a revolutionary upheaval because everyone seems to feel that it is too late to change the fateful course of this catastrophe. There is a general skepticism concerning the question of whether even the most sincere promises of the Allied Nations could be kept in the face of that hatred and revenge which will follow the military collapse of Germany in every occupied country.

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Underground work in Germany does not appear to have expressed itself so drastically in sabotage and riot as in France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Jugoslavia. Why? In Germany, in contradistinction to the occupied countries, the gap between the conservative and the communist opposition could not be bridged by such national fervor as existed in countries subjugated by a foreign army. In the occupied countries there is one common goal which dwarfs all political differences: liberation of the fatherland. In Germany the various underground movements have nothing in common except the purpose of overthrowing Hitler. In former times a revolutionary atmosphere could develop out of a general longing for liberty. Such a revolution in the more naïve sense of the word has become the more improbable the more the Communist Internationale in Moscow has succeeded in creating a kind of inevitable pattern for an uprising. Wherever and whenever an upheaval has occurred since 1917, the communist problem has automatically appeared. The opponents of Hitlerism are conscious that there is an ideological and political center in Moscow which provides a model of any kind of revolutionary development. Many discussions with German enemies of Hitlerism have informed me of how seriously their fight against naziism is hampered by their deep unwillingness to exchange one dictatorship for another. It is the unavoidable lack of a common moral language which of necessity prevents the opposing forces in Germany from uniting against the common oppressor. The same problem which will confront post-war planners, how to create "one world" without common spiritual and moral standards and without a common concept of man, now confronts and paralyzes those forces which oppose Hitler inside Germany.

Only today are we capable of understanding in its full significance the political meaning of the ruthless forcing of all phases of German life into one standard mold, and especially of the expulsion or obliteration of all the recalcitrant intellectuals. By this political measure Hitler succeeded in eliminating definitely all those spiritual forces that might have been influential in any political crisis.

A last but not unimportant reason why a German revolution has not as yet occurred might be sought in the special factor of the bombing of civilians. The necessarily indiscriminate bombing of German cities creates as it were a new stratum of despairing people who have nothing more to lose and who have bound their fate fast to the fate of Hitlerism. There are now hundreds of thousands of victims of Hitler tyranny among the bombed-out people; today, however, their only hope of recovering their property lies in the continued functioning of the present military and political machinery in Germany. Furthermore, we should not forget that the so-called underground work depends in reality upon the activity of a small number of especially brave and intelligent persons; a single bomb can destroy in a second the nucleus of an organization that has been painful years in the building. The bomb that killed P. C., former deputy of the Reichstag, during the raid on Hannover destroyed more than just a valiant anti-nazi. I know absolutely that in the last ten years P. C. was the very soul and center of any brand of Hitler opposition in the district of Hannover.

All these above reasons induce me to think that a great and meaningful revolution in Germany cannot be expected in the visible future. There is neither a homogeneous underground movement to prepare and carry on such an upheaval, nor the military preparations to put it into practice. I believe that even the lack of an ideology acceptable to Catholics and communists alike will prevent their efficient cooperation in the case of a chaotic condition arising out of Hitler's defeat. It is probable that the world will then witness local and bloody revolts and individual and group campaigns of revenge in exhausted post-Hitler Germany rather than a revolution with a definite and creative purpose. It is highly probable that some of these local revolts will assume, especially in Bavaria or in the Rhineland, the character of separatist movements.

A great many Germans may have heard of a projected new Europe which was to follow the frightful new order established by Hitler, but they feel that even within the framework of the most reasonable world organization it will make a huge difference whether you are on top or on the deepest bottom.

In such an atmosphere of heroic despair it might seem to the Germans that there is only one alternative left: to fight for the perpetuation of the hated dictatorship, or to deliver themselves

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up to the hatred of the millions of victims of the dictator's policy. It is inevitably an alternative where one possibility must seem as repulsive as the other, an alternative so frightening that the German people might feel tempted to spend their last remaining energy merely in postponing it.

Normandy Keepsake

Peacetime life
where war now reigns

Eugene Bagger

IF YOU are at Le Havre in summer and your windows face the *avant-port* or outer harbor with its long grey lighthouse-tipped jetty your sunsets will be typical Atlantic sunsets as if you were mid-ocean on board a liner. But in the month of March you will watch the sun dip down behind the blue blur on the horizon which is the Cotentin, or, as the broadcasters insist on calling it these days, the Cherbourg peninsula. I had forgotten those sunsets; from the sunset-collector's point of view they were nothing extra; in the course of years I have pasted much better ones into the mental album I carry around for such things. But I recall those Havre sunsets now with a faint sting of self-reproach, as if I had neglected them while they were still alive, and now it is too late to make amends. The sun is still there, and the sea; but is Le Havre still there? Perhaps it is, in parts. I am quite certain that the Hotel Frascati is *not* there any longer. It was situated where the best hotel of a great seaport should be situated, at the tip of the harbor; as if the Ritz-Carlton stood on the point of the Battery. Poor old Hotel Frascati! Its greatest peacetime virtue signed its death-warrant the moment the RAF began to bomb *Festung Europa*. It was probably blown to bits in the very first raid, "completely erased," as the American broadcaster said gleefully of that town of Frascati whose name it had borne; the little town in the hills southeast of Rome, for centuries the see of one of the seven cardinal-bishops, but for a few fatal weeks after Salerno also headquarters of Field Marshal Kesselring.

Not only had the Hotel Frascati that grand view over the harbor and the Channel, it had also a fine glass-enclosed dining porch from where you could enjoy the view, and on that Sunday evening in March, 1938, when we arrived just in time for dinner, that porch was full of Americans. Le Havre was one of the three great European gateways for transatlantic tourists, and the *Normandie* was to sail on the morrow. (From our top-floor window we watched her pull out, vast man-made mountain moved by the modern faith according to which for international oil-promoters, film stars, and super-de-luxe fifth columnists the best is none too good.) Anyway that porch was full of Americans homeward bound, tired but happy, celebrating their release after three, six or nine months of hard Europe with bottles of champagne coquettishly sticking out of silver buckets; and that reminded me of Stendhal. In that pentagon of Europe whose tips were London, Hamburg, Vienna, Naples and Bayonne you always ran into things that reminded you of Stendhal, who had traveled all over the place, had seen most things and gossiped about everything. He had passed through Le Havre just a hundred years before my time, had had dinner in the best hotel, and had decoyed a party of innocent Americans into a bacchanal. There were, he tells us, thirty-two of them seated at the horseshoe-shaped *table d'hôte;* they had arrived the night before. The women, "pretty but affected-looking," talked, timid and self-conscious; the men never uttered a word but chewed their food in unison with extraordinary rapidity. Stendhal thought he would create a diversion, so he ordered a bottle of champagne, and when it came he loudly scolded the waiter because the ice in the bucket was not broken into small enough pieces. Thirty-two pairs of American eyes watched him, and "after a few minutes of silent admiration," the elders of the party all called for champagne with plenty of ice broken up small.

★

That morning we had attended High Mass in the cathedral of Le Mans, famed for flying buttresses, rather more obviously flying than most of their kind. Apart from that cathedral, its only "lion" as Henry James would (and perhaps did) say, Le Mans hasn't much to offer in the way of travelers' interest. It used to break into the news every August in connection with some automobile trophy; and in 1933 they had a luscious murder, two crazy servant-girls, sisters, having disposed of their employer and her daughter by tearing them, literally and with care, into small pieces. All the press of Paris, headed by the celebrated Tharaud brothers, and flanked by American auxiliaries,

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came down for the trial, which competed for space with another criminal sensation of an even broader scope, the burning of the Reichstag in Berlin. But when my wife and I visited Le Mans, only five years later, the sisters Papin seemed considerably more remote than the days when Le Mans was, if not exactly an English city, at least part of the English empire of the Angevin kings in which all the best people spoke French. It was capital of the province of Maine, after which our State of Maine was named; and like some of the finest towns in France, Spain and Italy it had started out as a *ville de guerre,* or walled town on a hilltop, built to guard and to preserve, in contrast to the cities on the plain, rising at the fords of rivers or the meeting of valleys or an inlet of the sea—cities built to spread and to acquire. And those who have traveled in Europe will grasp this basic distinction instantly, even though they have never thought of the matter before, if they shut their eyes and say Rouen or Bordeaux or Lyon, when they will see quays and a river; but if they say Rodez or Avallon or Poitiers or Langres, they will see ramparts, with the country around falling away or else sloping up to the horizon like the sides of a bowl.

We rolled down the hill of Le Mans and then rolled up the next hill, and then down again and up again, Maine being that self-repeating kind of country, a *fugato* in greens and browns; and they call those mild earth-waves *Alpes mancelles,* or Maine Alps. At lunchtime we came to Alençon, having thus invaded Normandy from the south. There is a little house at Alençon, home of a family called Martin, and we ought to have visited it because a girl named Thérèse had been born there in 1873; but in those days we were always in a hurry, not because we had no time but because we thought there was plenty of time, we could always come back next week or next month; and I have dealt with this ideology of "plenty of time" elsewhere. But a couple of hours later we did visit that great white basilica on the hilltop at Lisieux, built in commemoration of the girl born in the Alençon side-street. It was far from being finished, consisting mainly of space enclosed under a vast dome, crisscrossed by scaffolding and turbulent with thick white dust; but the crypt below was already in use, crowded with worshippers and sightseers, and glittering with hundreds of lighted candles. What I remember best at Lisieux, however, is the great terrace of the basilica with its magnificent sweep of wide granite stairs; the terrace from which you could, and we did, survey a good part of the country of Normandy.

*

In those days they were not making history in Normandy, but only cheese, butter, and cider. They were also growing vegetables; and its dairies, apple orchards, and market gardens turned Normandy into the richest province of France. (On the low coast stretching toward the Mont-Saint-Michel from Avranches they used to plant endless acres with nothing but the finest asparagus, next to high-grade vines and mushrooms, probably the best-paying crop in the world.) Normandy was also (and this the most poignant memory of that Sunday drive in 1938) of all regions of France the most English-looking. This had something to do with Norman prosperity; the villages we traversed had that trim, polished, manicured look which you don't find elsewhere in France and which Ruskin loved to disparage in his native land. It had also something to do with the lush greens produced, and with contours softened, by the salt Atlantic air, and with the subtle blending of firs and pines with oaks and elms, which is very English; in France as a rule forests are either all coniferous or all broad-leaved. Driving along those perfectly-surfaced Norman roads we could fancy ourselves traveling from Suffolk to Sussex via Essex and Kent and Surrey. Undulating parkland with great trees like islands; sleek well-groomed cattle immersed in a ceaseless unexciting banquet off deep emerald meadows; walled gardens; the crisp waves of wheat lapping at the feet of apple trees; and those humble but lucrative fields of beet and turnip, dear to the heart of that grand old Suffolk farmer and lover of France, Arthur Young. But the most English thing in that almost-English landscape was the hedgerows; these you hardly ever see in other French provinces. What did not allow you to forget that this was, after all, France was the impression of vastness, of always more to come, of horizon behind horizon, which you never get in England; English landscape, like English cathedrals, is characterized by perfection of detail on a diminutive scale; nothing could be more unlike the careless self-forgetful grandeur which is the note of France. The contrast of Exeter or Wells with Bourges or Albi; Dartmoor is like the uplands of Auvergne seen through an inverted telescope.

*

Geography and climate worked together with history to link Normandy with England. Everybody knows of the knightly army of William of Falaise which sailed from Caen in its tiny ships to wrest England from the Saxon usurper Harold, and incidentally to imprint its Norman-French, *Roman* form on the Saxon matter of what we know as English civilization. Today, eight hundred and seventy-eight years later, the armies of England and her transatlantic offspring are returning the call, battling to wrest Normandy, and France, and Europe, from a bigger if not better usurper. This very morning the radio announced that Bayeux is ours. Everybody has heard of the

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tapestries in the bishop's palace at Bayeux, eleventh-century textile epic of that history-making Norman landing on English shores.

What everybody does not know is that Bayeux has a bond with England far older than the Norman conquest. It is the capital of the *pays* of Bessin; six centuries before the Danish pirates of the Duke Hrolf settled in the Seine valley and the Cotentin, and started the business of which the English monarchy, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem were later to form branches, full six centuries before that the Bessin country had been known as Aetlinga Saxonia, noble Saxony, having been colonized in the stormy days when Roman Gaul went under by Saxons from the Elbe estuary, men of the stock that two hundred years later was to found Wessex. More than that: the house of Capet, heir of Charlemagne and "third race" of French Kings, sprang from a strong-fisted hard-headed Saxon captain from Bessin. And so if France gave England her Norman kings and her Angevin kings, it was the Saxon king Hugh Capet who founded modern France.

To this day whole clusters of towns and villages in Normandy bear English names. Look at your map. There is Ouistreham, which they spell Westerham in Kent. There is Houlgate, hollow gate: Dieppedale, deep dale; even Cottum is only a slightly disguised writing of Coulton. The eighteenth century English statesman Philip Carteret, Lord Granville, derived both his family name and his title from the map of Normandy.

★

But this is still Sunday, March 20, 1938. From Lisieux the road shoots up north, straight as an arrow, to Pont-l'Evèque. It is a tiny town but exceedingly self-assertive; for while the whole *département* of Calvados produces Camembert cheese, soft, round, fragrant (according to French law only Calvados-made cheese may rightfully call itself Camembert) the people of Pont-l'Evèque make chaste square cheeses, semi-fermented and tougher, known by that name. We did not stop at Pont-l'Evèque, but we did halt at Honfleur for a moment, to gaze at the russet and maroon sails of the fishing craft, mirrored in the dark green water off the Quai-Saint-Etienne. Then we turned east, along the Seine, and from Berville the ferry transported us, Ford and all, to Hode, the estuary being over six miles wide at that point. From Hode to Le Havre, west again, runs a magnificent parkway, with room for six cars abreast; all that room was needed in that Sunday dusk, what with the Havre families returning from Rouen, and the Rouen families returning from Le Havre, such exchange of calls being the favorite Sunday entertainment in those parts. That parkway runs below a ridge covered with luxuriant gardens and elegant villas, inhabited by the merchant nobility of Le Havre. Westchester-sur-Seine.

My wife sailed for England next day, just for a three days' visit. I was to meet her on her return at Dieppe. So on Friday morning I drove with my terrier Tosca, terror of cats in a dozen French towns or more, to Dieppe, by way of Fécamp and Saint-Valéry-en-Caux. I stopped at Etretat, in fulfillment of a promise I had made to myself some thirty years earlier, when as a school boy I fell in love with a painting by Monet, representing that curious natural arch of rock off Etretat Beach. (I saw that arch, and today I am glad that I did, for the odds are that Goering has stolen it since and set it up on one of his stolen estates.) My wife arrived on schedule, and we drove on to Rouen, where that evening I narrowly and painfully escaped choking to death on a fishbone, in the dining room of the Hotel de la Poste. But I survived, and next morning we walked to the market-place and saw the slab in the pavement that marks the spot where Saint Joan had died at the stake for France, for England, for us all.

★

"But don't you think that it is rather silly and egocentric to bring up all this nostalgic stuff at a time like this? And isn't your medley of Camembert cheese and Mass and the Little Flower and Stendhal and dogs and cats and Sunday picnics, beside being irrelevant, also, in a mild way, irreverent?"

It is clear that you don't get the point of my story at all. What is more, I am afraid you don't get the point of the invasion of France either. For dinners on the Havre seafront, Stendhal's "Mémoires d'un touriste," the russet sails of Honfleur, the flying buttresses of Le Mans, Camembert cheese and Calvados applejack and *tripes à la mode de Caen,* the pierced rock of Etretat and Havre motorists driving home along the river in the Sunday dusk, and the praying crowds of Lisieux and the slab commemorating Saint Joan's martyrdom—these all are elements, however inequal in rank, of a single pattern, the pattern called the European way of life, which with its counterpart, known as the American way of life, forms our common civilization. And the nazis tried to change, and almost succeeded in changing, all that. And our armies are fighting in Normandy today to put the nazis where they belong, and to vindicate the European way of life for Europeans and the American way for Americans. And the fact that the nazis have stopped the making of Camembert, having stolen and eaten first all the stocks of cheese and then most of the cows, is on its lower plane just as symbolic of the evil we are fighting, as what the nazis did to the churches in Poland and the monasteries in Austria and the Rhineland and the synagogues in Warsaw and

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Amsterdam. And among the less important, and thereby the more telling, signs that the nightmare of tyranny and bloodlust and lunacy is over and done with, will be these: that they are making cheese and applejack in Calvados again; and that a Ford with a New York numberplate will once more leave Rouen after lunch and arrive at Orléans for dinner.

And that reminds me of something else. Tradition has it that the liberating army of Joan strode into Orléans to the slow majestic tune of a march which was not a French march at all, but Scottish: the march of Robert the Bruce; Scotland being then the ally of France. To this day every Scot in the world, man, woman and child, knows that tune and sings it now and then, with words by Bobbie Burns. It is a noble tune, "Bannockburn." And if anybody has to date proposed a song fitter to be the song of our Armies of Liberation, I am not aware of it. So it is herewith respectfully proposed that "Bannockburn," which is today a patriotic song of one of the United Nations, Scotland, and which was five hundred years ago the march of Saint Joan of Arc, be given the job.

The Stage & Screen

Ten Little Indians

TEN TIMES—and I may add with creaks and joints—Death coils to strike at the Broadhurst these evenings. Agatha Christie's arrangement in paranoia is nothing if not thorough. One by one, as ten little Indian statues crash from the living room mantel of the house on the island off the glue-blue coast of Devon—so one by one, the ten little characters of the piece are, as it were, rubbed out. And if you run for your Mother Goose, you will be able to discover precisely by what means. At one point during the fairly thrilling third act, there did seem to be a chance that the thing might become a complete holocaust: a wonderful Pirandello-like construction with everyone, absolutely everyone, done in; the curtain rung down by an innocent and possibly surly stagehand; a coroner and the police crowding the stage door; and history made. And if, sadly, this was not the solution, I find the possibility that it might have been stimulating.

Technically speaking, the piece starts off too slow, and depends far too often on such fakery as innumerable letters, hearsay, and large slices of action minutely described though never seen. The device of the victrola record could have been used more exhaustively, I should think. Also, I found the direction extra mysterious, with characters leaving by a door to the interior of the house only to reappear two minutes later down a long outdoor terrace from a quite opposite direction. Estelle Winwood's wonderfully clear projection is a boon in any theater, particularly in one of this size; and the indomitable Halliwell Hobbes plus Nicholas Joy, Claudia Morgan, and J. Pat

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O'Malley worked like ten little beavers. I must say I envied Anthony Kemble Cooper his chance to die the death four inches from the footlights and facing front, but I think his predicament was earned as much by his ludicrous acting as by the lines of his part. (*At the Broadhurst.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Go!

IF POSSIBLE I should like to urge all the 85 million weekly moviegoers (that was the last figure given out, although it does seem fabulous) to attend the latest War Department presentation, *"Attack!"* Like "The Memphis Belle" and "Desert Victory," this war documentary, which is subtitled "The Battle for New Britain," covers a single phase of the war and covers it so vividly that its audience acquires a strong sense of participation. Like those other fine documentaries, this picture is accompanied by charts, maps and an excellent commentary (written by Lieutenant Jesse Lasky, Jr.) which give the visuals unity and make clear the entire scope of operations. In its 56 minutes, the film follows last December's advance on Arawe and Cape Gloucester in New Britain, from its plan and extensive preparations through its execution to its successful accomplishment. You will be impressed as never before with the elaborate, detailed and careful preparations for such an attack. All the visuals were photographed by Signal Corps and Air Force cameramen on the spot, and none of the scenes were staged. The film was made under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel Robert Presnell; and its complete footage has been expertly edited to give the finished picture a remarkable continuity. It is difficult with such an extraordinarily good record of battle to single out certain shots, especially when so many of them merit high praise. Some of the sequences, however, struck me forcefully: those showing the men being trained, the visit of General MacArthur, the faces of the men as the boats set out, the bombs from the planes hitting their targets, our men crawling through the dense jungle, Marines receiving Communion at Christmas Mass before the attack, the distance shots of the loaded boats, the men carrying heavy equipment through deep water and then through thick shrubbery, the rescue of the exhausted, wounded and dying from the *Bronson*. It shouldn't be necessary to call anyone's attention to the most startling scenes and effects in the film—the actual combat sequences, the men going cautiously forward from the beachheads, the extreme discomfort of jungle living, the reminder that these are the boys who used to play ball in the vacant lots, the shots of the wounded being evacuated and the dead being buried. In fact this entire film, which ends with the words: "One day of American living bought and paid for," should again make us aware what we owe these men. It seems the least we could do would be to attend their film—which is in itself a first-rate record and a masterpiece of cinema construction appropriately dedicated to the officers and men who appear in it.

Although it is a rather sudden transition to turn from a factual film like "Attack" to fictional feature films, I should like also to report this week on a couple of English movies that are worth your inspection. English films, even those that are not the very best of the crop, have a certain appeal for American audiences. Their novelty, lack of pretension and crisp sense of humor frequently attract blasé movie goers who are weary of Hollywood patterns and slickness.

While the theme of *"Candlelight in Algeria"* is definitely dated, its entertainment values are not. It is a spy-and-chase thriller deftly directed by George King with emphasis on suspense and excitement. Based on a story by Dorothy Hope, it tells about the competition between various English, French and Americans on one side and Germans on the other to obtain a certain camera in which is a film showing a map and pictures of a house where General Mark Clark is to meet with Allied officers to plan the invasion of Algeria. This Mark Clark stuff is a little far fetched, but the spying and the chase in and out of Algiers and the Casbah is beautifully photographed and full of local color touches that hold your interest. Of course a romance develops between the American girl (played by Carla Lehmann whose English accent would never fool anyone into believing she was from Kansas) and the English boy (played by James Mason with charm and virility), but this romance never interferes with the main business of outwitting the German mastermind (played by Walter Rilla with a proper superior sneer and frequent glints of intelligence). The film runs along swiftly and is cleverly spotted with humor which keeps you from thinking that the success of the whole war really depends on these amateur spies and their monkey business with a camera.

A more novel film and one that is even more typically English is *"48 Hours."* In a slow, teasing fashion it starts out (sometime in the future, after the war) as a lecture on the little English town called Bramley End. Then in a long, leisurely flashback we get the story of the Battle of Bramley End. It was on Whitsun weekend in 1942 when some 60 Royal Engineers rolled into town and asked to be billeted. The villagers naturally accept the soldiers, take them in, indeed welcome them. But then, little by little, untoward things happen and suddenly the whole village realizes that it has been taken over by 60 disguised German parachutists who hope to set up apparatus to disrupt England's radio system before the German invasion of the island. It would be unfair to tell too much of this film's plot which is based on a story by Graham Greene. Michael Balcon's production is excellent. What his good cast lacks in glamor it more than makes up for in acting and intimate touches of characterization. Included in this cast are Leslie Banks, Valerie Taylor, Frank Lawton, Marie Lohr and many other English players who do a good job of portraying the reactions of people during an occupation by a ruthless enemy. The photography throughout, and especially of the landscape, is stunning. And Cavalcanti has directed the whole film in a manner appropriate to its rather fantastic tale. After the slow beginning, there comes a sudden shock when the vicar is shot for opposing the enemy. Understatement is contrasted with melodramatic violence as the helpless villagers try scheme after scheme to escape or contact the outside world. Humor, of an ironical nature, creeps into the terrifying

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situation as some of the plans for escape almost succeed and then fail by the strangest tricks of chance; even more bitter is the circumstance of the villagers unwittingly electing as their leader the man in the fifth column who betrayed them. I wish Producer Balcon had cut his film a little more economically in its last part. He establishes well the fact of English bravery and he shows us how the Bramley End villagers got out of their mess, but he takes too long in winding up his story and we are inclined to grow restless after the exciting climax. Although I don't want to carp about a film I found interesting, I also wish its English title, "Went the Day Well?", had been preserved for American audiences. The verse from which it comes fits the film perfectly:

Went the Day well? We died and never knew.
But, well or ill, Freedom, we died for you.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

SEA-BORNE. *James B. Connolly. Doubleday.* $3.00.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ITALY. *Cecil Sprigge. Yale.* $2.75.

THE GREAT DECISION. *James T. Shotwell. Macmillan.* $3.00.

Old Salt

JAMES B. CONNOLLY has for most of the years of this century supplied the American public with thoroughly workmanlike stories, reportage and biographies relating to man's myriad connections with the sea. None of his books, perhaps, will be read by future generations, although that would be something of a pity since they so well evoke the subjects with which they deal, and the mechanization of sailoring has done much to deprive it of the true romantic interest which it had in an earlier day. Now Mr. Connolly gives us a volume of his own reminiscences, and it is a volume which one ventures to think is really more interesting—is certainly more fun to read—than his earlier books. For he does not hesitate to make what he writes intensely personal—he is a good enough writer to know that only personal treatment can possibly excite a reader's interest when the subject matter is autobiographical. It is hard, therefore, to imagine that anyone who is in the slightest way interested in the great waters of the world and the people who make their livings navigating those waters could fail to enjoy this book. Certainly it is not even a minor classic, such as "The Cruise of the Cachelot," but for our day and time it gives welcome light reading, with just enough seriousness to season it and to make us think a little.

Mr. Connolly was born in Boston, but his parents were not. They came from the most seafaring part of Ireland, the Aran Isles, where, as the author himself points out, "The lack of arable land left the sea as their best chance for a living." Anyone who has ever visited this dismal and quite un-emerald region will think that Mr. Connolly understates the matter. There was absolutely nothing for the Aran Islanders except to move or to be seamen. But this is the sort of territory which breeds real seamen—seamen of the same stamp as come from our own Gloucester, from Nova Scotia, from Brittany and parts of England and Ireland—not to forget the Scandinavian. There are very few other breeding grounds of similar excellence for that truly magnificent human specimen, the bred-in-the-bone sailor. Connolly's father of course earned his living with the fishing fleet once he had arrived in New England; his uncles did likewise. And although he records no quarrels on the subject, he assures us that both his father's and his mother's lineage claimed at least one member of Columbus's crew.

But his mother did not want any of her own brood to be sailors. And being a clever woman, she went about her purpose cleverly. She never forbade any of the boys to go to sea, but she saw to it that all but one of them did not make the sea their livelihood. The oldest, Pat, was the exception. "The day after his graduation from the grammar school, he shipped aboard the *Frank M. Noyes,* one of a fleet of fast schooners running fruit from Caribbean ports." We presume that he continued in this career from that day forward. James, himself, when he was only seven years old, sailed with his uncle, Captain Jim O'Donnell, aboard his schooner, the *Saint Peter,* for a fishing trip to the "offshore banks." On this trip the seven-year-old boy experienced one of the great North Atlantic storms of that year, but apparently, since no one else was worried, he took it in his stride, and thereafter was never disturbed by rough weather at sea. At the age of eleven he once again went aboard a fishing schooner to the offshore banks during his summer vacation. But this was the last of his making the sea a vocation.

There followed a succession of jobs. The first was in Georgia with the United States Engineers. Here also began Mr. Connolly's writing career. He was a good athlete and had become captain of a Savannah football team, so the editor of a local paper asked him to do a weekly sports column at $5 a crack. But of course this could continue only so long as his main job was an indoors job, and Connolly never liked working indoors. He soon got himself transferred to the field, working as a pile-driving inspector and in various other capacities, whereby he became thoroughly acquainted with the dredging, channel and port activities of this branch of our armed services.

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Meanwhile he was saving his money and decided that an engineering course at Harvard would be a good idea. And so in 1895 he entered that institution.

But the following summer the Greek government had decided to hold the first modern Olympic games in Athens, and our author decided that he wanted to be in them. His forte was the hop, step and jump event. In order to go he had to obtain the permission of the authorities. That permission was not granted, and so he went anyway. It was quite a trip to Athens, with the other American contestants—ten in all. But they all arrived in good shape, and Connolly won the first Olympic championship since classical days, since the finals of his event happened to come first. There was a great ovation, and one suspects that thenceforward Connolly's future was secure, at least in the sense that wherever he might run across an American lover of sport, he would be sure of not starving. (He later put this to the test once or twice, and he records no refusals for small loans.) It is amusing to be reminded that the American team of ten in these first Olympics won eleven championships—which is not so bad.

After a great welcome home, the question of earning one's living came up again. He did a bit of coaching, but he soon found that there was a market for his writing, and since his habits were frugal and he was unmarried, he seems to have done very well. In any case Mr. Connolly never seems to have had to give up an interesting trip or assignment whenever he really wanted to take it. But before he was launched in major journalism, the Spanish American War intervened. His experience was typical—bad sanitation, cheating Army contractors, the tropical climate, all leading to a terrible decimation by disease, far worse than any bullets the Spaniards could shoot. But this interlude was soon over, and aside from a bout with malarial typhoid, it left him none the worse. And then his real years of voyaging began.

They began with a cattle-boat trip from Boston to Liverpool, and are not finished yet, we hope. But he got his first real notice from writings which sprang from his experiences with the Gloucester fishermen. The first of these was a summer mackerel trip on the *Monarch,* which yielded two stories for *Scribner's* and led the editor, as well as other editors, to ask for more. And so there followed a winter trip to the banks, a voyage to Europe in order to look into the fishing habits of the British on the North Sea, later of the Norwegians, and then of the Germans on the Baltic. Larded in between, Connolly investigated the facilities for Russian emigrants to America provided by the German steamship companies—an account of a peacetime procedure which physically is shockingly reminiscent of far more recent accounts of German methods in handling the Eastern Europen Jews they have been so assiduously exterminating. There was also the yachting week at Kiel, and a whaling trip in Arctic waters.

But constantly Mr. Connolly returned to the Gloucestermen. He would do a job for President Roosevelt, publicizing our Navy. He would go to London to cover the 1908 Olympic games. He would go to Mexico on a tanker, or up the Mississippi on a river boat. He would be wrecked—or half-wrecked—in a transatlantic liner off Nantucket Lightship; and he would write so truthfully and frankly about it that the shipping interests would try to ruin his reputation. He would get married, and take his wife to Greece, where Prince George, who had seen him win in the first Olympics, recognized him on the Acropolis and greeted him. And then he would live in Rome, where he would meet plenty of ecclesiastical dignitaries. He would cover the Mexican Revolution and campaign of 1914, and he would take a trip on a submarine to report for Americans what it felt like under the surface of the water. He would be sent to Europe to find out what our Navy was doing in the second World War. And he would have himself sent to Ireland during the days of the Black-and-Tan war as a representative of the American Committee for Relief in Ireland, to quash the story that American relief money was being used to arm the IRA.

But when it was all over, it was back to Gloucester, to sail as a member of the Gloucester crew in the international fishermen's championship race off Halifax. It was a great race, and a great victory. "The volunteer crew served without wages; but Tom Carroll and Ben Smith of the Gorton Pew Company, who had financed the race, gave us all a properly engraved gold watch for remembrance. I rate that watch with my Olympic championship medal as a trophy worth cherishing. I also rate as something worth cherishing the membership in the Gloucester Master Mariners' Association which came to me later." And that is the essence of James B. Connolly.

(The Irish episode, by the way, contains some of the most interesting matter in "Sea-Borne," and serves very neatly to remind us that all sorts of nations have practiced oppression, and that Ireland has a reason for neutrality.)

Mussolini, Comma

CECIL SPRIGGE'S "The Development of Modern Italy" is a sober account of Italian political history from the unification of Italy until the fascist march on Rome; it should have a sobering effect on doctrinaire anti-fascists. It is always a sobering and a fearful thing to see events and people measured against the scale of time. As long as you can keep them in the present everything is very simple. Generally this is entirely possible. While Mussolini ruled his nation it was entirely possible to look at the Italian fascist system and at the man who held it from breaking apart, and one could describe the system and the man. While Italian fascism held together that is what most of us were doing, and when ruin came to Italy we said ruin had proceeded, inevitably, from fascism. Every book about fascism had an introductory chapter or two about the origins of fascism, but the interest centered on fascism, on the present, and, gradually, most of us were persuaded that all Italians had to do was to destroy fascism and then things would be all right. If the Italians—as proved to be the case—did not of and by themselves destroy fascism, then we would destroy fascism for them and, again, everything would be all right.

But now that fascism is destroyed we see that everything is not all right. The trouble is that we had isolated fascism from the forces which had produced it and from the Italian problems it attempted, and failed to solve. The trouble is that we had been looking at Mussolini and not at Italy. We had not looked at the Italian past and we had not predicted any Italian future. We ignored Italian continuity.

The problems the Italian people have to face remain. From the Italian point of view the rise and fall of fascism together with Mussolini's career means only that one more costly failure has been added to the list of previous failures in the effort to create a new Italian state, and to make a place for that state in Europe. If we are to understand

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the difficulties which now face Italy we must look back at the difficulties which faced Italy when Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini created an Italian state. We must look at the Piedmontese monarchy and bureaucracy taking over a republican movement. We must look at a nation divided into a North and South just as our own nation was divided. And then at Italian parliamentary history, the growth of political parties, the changes brought to political life by the industrialization of the North and the introduction of universal manhood suffrage.

The two hundred pages of clear historical exposition written by this former Roman correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* bring Mussolini and fascism into proper historical perspective. Both are incidents in a story which started before they existed and is continuing now that they are gone. You read a list of names, Cavour, Crispi, Giolitti and when you come to the name Mussolini it is no longer in capital letters and after it there will only be a comma and then there will be other names.

Across the Table

OF ALL the peace experts in this country no one is more renowned than James T. Shotwell. He was knowledgeable enough to serve as assistant general editor of the "Encyclopaedia Brittanica," forty years ago in London, when that compendium of learned facts was at its peak. He was in at the birth of the League of Nations and had several important rôles at the last peace conference. For the past twenty years he has been one of the leaders of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace—as trustee and director of the division of economics and history. He is author of a number of good books. And for his labors in the field of international relations he has been decorated by many governments. There can be no question as to the credentials of the author of "The Great Decision."

In what direction lie his hopes for lasting peace? He seems to base a lot of his optimism on what he believes now to be a self-evident fact; for the rest he depends on the development of appropriate institutions. He believes that the two world wars have clearly shown that war is "no longer a directable and controllable instrument of international policy." The interdependence of the modern world, man's increasingly destructive powers and the long political, economic and social aftermath of any modern war are enough to convince him of that. Aggressors soon lose control of what they have set in motion, partly because no major power can keep out. It may be idle to speculate, but what if Hitler had attacked Britain right after Dunkirk, had not attacked Russia (which was then set only for a war of defense); and if at the same time the Japanese had gradually filtered into Malaya and the Dutch Indies instead of bringing us in through Pearl Harbor . . . It may be idle to speculate, but because the last two wars went the way they did, is it necessarily true that no nation can now wage a successful war, particularly if modest in its objective and not calculated to step on too many toes in the process? There is still enough of a chance that under certain circumstances it might work; war does indeed stand less chance of succeeding than ever before, but Mr. Shotwell should not bank too much that its futility is forevermore plain to any possible aggressor.

But what are the means of implementing the "Great Decision" we have all taken with Professor Shotwell to perfect the conference method of handling international matters instead of preparing for a third world war? His formula is a logical development of the idea of the League. This time he would build up the general international organization more gradually in that its work would begin—as it has already begun—with details as opposed to generalities; the ILO and the UNRRA are prime examples. Professor Shotwell lays great stress on the functional character of the international activities of the post-war world. One of the principal duties of the central body will be to coordinate the work of the various subsidiary committees which are engaged in straightening out the economic, juridical, cultural and other problems of the member nations. Even the World Court will have subsidiary tribunals assigned to specific fields.

Professor Shotwell distinguishes between an international police force, which would be an air force distributed throughout the world on strategic bases, and the great armies and navies of the United Nations. He believes that if there is genuine national disarmament the new police force would be able to quell any disturbances at their inception. But he insists that any such system must be paralleled by new and effective techniques of securing peaceful change. The idea would be to oblige all nations to submit their differences to competent, disinterested adjudication.

Finally the author stresses the importance of social justice within each nation, as Pope Pius XII has done. He goes so far as to say, "Hardly less important than the prevention of a third world war is the prevention of a second world economic depression, for in the disorders which it would breed lie the roots of war itself." He holds that economic demobilization is just as essential as disarmament, that not even the United States can prosper in economic isolation. It would seem, in general, that Professor Shotwell has given convincing expression to the hopes of professional peace experts. He presents a logical institutional scheme for post-war organization.

More Books of the Week

America. Stephen Vincent Benet. Farrar. $1.50.

THIS headline appeared in this morning's press: "Natives Go Yank." The story told how the Solomon Islanders have been carefully tutored by the GI's, and how when they watch movies at advance bases, they whistle when Hollywood pin-up girls appear on the screen. To us, this is merely a humorous note supplied by a bored correspondent in the lonely Pacific; and we are amazed when some foreigners take it as a sign of American decadence. I recall a conversation with a minor French official on a Southwest Pacific island. His colony had been close enough to enemy domination for him to appreciate the protection of American power. He welcomed the presence of our troops, for he was less suspicious of our intentions than of the imperialism of our allies. But his bill of complaints against the average GI was long: they catcalled at respectable French girls; they were noisy and spent money freely; they corrupted the natives by introducing a standard of living that would be impossible to maintain under post-war colonial conditions. Worst of all, there was Hollywood. It was pathetic to see how he accepted every fantasy of our screen as an exact portrayal of the American scene. Whenever I attempted to qualify some of his criticisms, he countered with: "But your movies show . . ."

It is a tragic truth that we are not highly valued by those for whom we crusade. In part, this is our fault, as

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we have a flair for advertising our shortcomings; but it also stems from the incapacity of the European to look beneath the surface and see virtues that underlie our brash exterior. Watch our Seabees on some lonely isle, and you can recapture some of the pioneering vigor of their forebears. You will find our sailors less interested in world problems than men of other nations; but they have a rough common sense that often compensates for their ignorance of precise issues. Our troops may appear crude, but they have a fundamental good humor, a real kindness in the face of human need and an amazing absence of hatred toward the enemy. Behind our men overseas is a spirit and an idea, and they are the incarnation of an idealism that has made America great.

It is easy, then, to see the wisdom of the OWI in suggesting that Mr. Benet write a short, interpretative history of the United States for translation into many languages. Our distinguished poet finished the assignment shortly before his death, and he fulfilled a difficut task with distinction. The style is simple, the ideas important, and there is no glossing over the defects. The portrait of Lincoln is particularly admirable. The little book should help outsiders, and ourselves, to appreciate the fundamentals that are America. JOSEPH N. MOODY.

The Life and Works of the Honourable Robert Boyle. Louis Trenchard More. Oxford. $4.50.

STRANGELY, it can be disappointing to read what one must admit is a very fine book. Such is my reaction to this brilliant work emanating from a comprehensive understanding of what truly constitutes relevant biographical material. Here in the twilight of his life, when most men would be indolently or irritably awaiting the end, More has produced yet another work which displays his remarkable capacity to take cognizance of all related facts before favoring a given interpretation.

Louis Trenchard More, the technical scientist, contributed to profound research problems, as befitted a good physicist. But these pursuits did not circumscribe his life, and in his broader interests he labored to win from mankind recognition of a few essentials of learning. The hackneyed yet catchy aphorism about machines becoming the master of man certainly could never come about unless man permit his mind to be stultified by uncritical acquiescence in colorful, but, only partially adequate, theory. More opposed this natural tendency of an exuberant scientific generation to enthrone explanatory theory as a standard of truth to such a point as to ignore new relevant data. All admit in theory the tenets which he endeavored to apply to specific cases. Being versed in science More opposed scientific inadequacies and out-dated theories on a scientific basis. His associates gave little heed, for he was attacking what to many were as sacred as revelation to the theologian. They called him an intellectual reactionary, but it was they who were clinging to concepts that had come into being because they had once fitted all our facts; it was they who forgot to change as new discoveries were made.

Thus did More struggle during his mature years. Then as an old man, he turned to biography, and henceforth if one does not believe that genetic make-up determines a man's ability, one would surely advocate that all biographers serve an apprenticeship in physics.

In this biography More may arouse slight enmity, but he is not valiantly and in futility assailing ill-founded but widely approved doctrines, as he once did. He is accepting the *status quo* and merely picturing in the minutest detail all associated records. So in his life of Robert Boyle he gives us not just Boyle, but Boyle judiciously oriented on a panoramic canvas of chemistry, sociology, politics and so many other aspects of human life that completely to describe it we would have to coin new *isms* and *ologies*.

What More vividly presents is not a Boyle ghoulishly disinterred and dragged from out the past; it is a resurrected Boyle, moving in his own time, and it is we who journey backward to meet him. More shows us the complex factors of family, tradition and general society that produce a scholar who leads the way to progress. He displays the handicaps that harass the progressive. And his complete synthesis gives us Robert Boyle standing magnificently on the threshold of chemistry, the new science which his work and his thought had spawned in the mystic, thought-stifling sea of alchemy, and to which his nurture gave such impetus that we who today profit from the comforts of more mature chemistry should bless Boyle and the conditions that produced him.

So this reviewer is sad, because actually all of the contributions that More has made are basically as stimulating and commendable as is this one. It was his fearlessness that robbed them of influence. J. MC A. KATER.

Russia and the Peace. Bernard Pares. Macmillan. $2.50.

SIR BERNARD PARES, the dean of English students of Russian affairs—he has visited Russia twenty-one times since 1898—has spent his last months in this country working for a lasting understanding with the Soviet Union. He presents a summary of this work in his book "Russia and the Peace."

He has observed much ignorance about Russia in many circles, and he mentions explicitly irresponsible talk about an unavoidable Third World War against Russia. He is eager to show that an understanding with the USSR is possible as well as desirable. Bolshevism and Communism are dead in Russia today. Stalin is interested in the social and economic progress of Russia; he is not interested in a limitless imperialistic expansion nor in the world revolution advocated by Trotsky. Sir Bernard Pares is for an independent and strong Poland, but he does not believe that the Russo-Polish frontier fixed in Riga (1921) must be regarded as unchangeable and eternal. He is opposed to an East European federation centering around Poland. He assumes that the Baltic States—but not Finland—will become parts of the USSR. He assumes too Russian emphasis on her rôle as the greatest Slavonic power, and he stresses the importance of the Russian "Middle West," Asiatic Russia. Even those readers who will not like some of the proposals of Sir Bernard will admire his historical erudition, showing at its best in the chapters on Polish-Russian relations, the Ukraine, etc.

Sir Bernard Pares is quite impressive in what he says, but does he say all that must be said? Certainly, he does not completely omit the dark side of the Soviet past. He criticizes severely the ambiguous policies of the Soviet régime. But he somewhat idealizes Stalin. The purges of 1936-1938 are not mentioned; the forced land collectivization is not discussed; there are no chapters on the secret police and the concentration camps, on the totalitarian aspects of Stalin's régime. These omissions must be regretted, because they will defeat somewhat the purpose of the book. Only complete frankness, not tactful silence about disagreeable facts, can help to win the right attitude toward Soviet Russia. I am sure it would have been easy

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for the historian, Sir Bernard Pares, to find an explanation for the dark sides of Stalin's régime—though this explanation would not mean an excuse.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

The Ship of Fools. Sebastian Brant. Translated into Rhyming Couplets, with Introduction and Commentary, by Edwin H. Zeydel. Columbia. $5.75.

THIS IS the first English translation in the original meter and rhyme scheme of Sebastian Brant's famous "Narrenschiff," first published in 1494. Besides being an important milestone in the history of literature, the "Narrenschiff" presents an interesting and amusing picture of the "folly" of human society, not only of the fifteenth century but of all times.

Brant was primarily a moralist, and accidentally a satirist. To him, sin and folly are pretty much the same thing, and dancing and serenading are about as bad as the knavery of tradesmen, the deceits of palmers and friars, and the delinquencies of princes and prelates. His work bears a close relationship to the medieval books of *exempla,* and was used in its turn as a source-book for preachers. His caustic criticism anticipates the vein of such writings as Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," which imitates many of his devices. And like many of his contemporaries, he foresaw the political and religious upheavals of the sixteenth century: his Chapter 103, for instance, reads almost like a prophecy.

Professor Zeydel's introduction is enlightening on the literary history of the "Narrenschiff," and his translation gives an adequate idea of the original. The commentary, bibliography and index add to the usefulness of the volume, and the reproductions of the original woodcuts, which were an integral part of the text, increase its interest to the reader.

GRANGER RYAN.

World Maps and Globes. Irving Fisher and O. M. Miller. Essential Books. $2.50.
Down to Earth. David Greenhood. Illustrated by Ralph Graeter. Holiday. $4.00.

WE ARE being flooded these days with map books and new global geography manuals—which is natural enough, but becomes a trifle tedious. Here are two volumes which can serve you very usefully in your attempts to appraise and understand maps and the problems of map makers. Both books cover about the same territory, except that Professor Fisher's approach is analytical, whereas Mr. Greenhood's is practical. Indeed the subtitle of "Down to Earth" well indicates the nature of its purpose—"Mapping for Everybody." Certainly its illustrations and text are admirably clear; even if you never expect to draw a map in your life, you will know a great deal more about them by perusal of this technical but far from uninteresting manual.

Of course the basic problem—unimportant for relatively small areas, but of paramount importance when we begin thinking "globally"—is how to record a surface which is in fact spherical on a flat sheet of paper. Invitably there will be distortion, and what you do will depend entirely on the sort of distortion which least interferes with the purpose you have in mind. Mercator was good enough for a world centered on the moderate zone, and particularly on Europe and North America. It will not do at all for a world to which the arctic regions suddenly have become crucially important as lying on the shortest line between two points. We all badly need to relearn our geography; here are two handy tools.

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"It is to be regretted that a world conflict had to be waged to defend humanity from the dark tyrannies of slavery, but war is a devastating thing and even though thinking men have recaptured the idea of human dignity as an alternative to chaos, war cannot build the natural law or the law of nations; war cannot create organized world cooperation; it will not abolish political corruption and economic injustice; it will not establish good will in the hearts of men. The reconstruction of human society requires affirmative, wholehearted and intelligent study, planning and collaboration by men and women who believe in God and love Him. We can cooperate in this work of reconstruction without in any way compromising our religious principles or diminishing our loyalty to discipline.

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tion greatly needed in our time. Problems of health and recreation are being analyzed, and the needs of industrial and agricultural workers are being studied. Discussion clubs and open forums are available everywhere. The National Conference of Christians and Jews—a civic organization—seeks to overcome bigotry, to draw citizens together in the bonds of fraternal charity, to protect the rights of all men sincerely to believe and practice what God has taught without punishment or persecution and to create a spirit of good will and fair play in the sense that a man's dignity and personality must be respected even if his religion cannot be accepted. Every thoughtful man, every good citizen should support such objectives.

"Without the cooperation of all men of good will our Catholic people are confronted with a Herculean task in their effort to rebuild a broken civilization. Our plan of social reconstruction and our program for international peace are accepted in principle by many of our non-Catholic friends. They too have something to offer which deserves our sympathetic interest. For the sake of God and humanity let us continue and extend collaboration with all good Americans in those worthwhile movements that are calculated to hasten the day of enduring peace, of justice, charity and good will. The Supreme Pontiff summons all of us to a crusade. For Catholics this is a command.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Eugene GUERSTER-STEINHAUSEN is a German scholar who for more than six years was a contributor to the Swiss paper, *Basler National-Zeitung*. He is well known in Germany as the translator of the Spanish dramatist, Calderon. His previous books include "Die Rolle des Boesen in der Weltgeschichte" (The Role of Evil in History), "Die Zukunft der Freiheit" (The Future of Freedom). He is at present working on a new book, to be entitled "Tragic Interlude."

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